### A SECOND

## Mulical Entertainment

PERFORMD ON

# St. Cecilia's day.

NOVEMBER XXII. 1684.

### THE WORDS

By the late ingenious Mr. JOHNOLDHAM, Author of the Satyrs against the Jesuits, &c.

Set to Music in two, three, four, and five Parts, by Dr. John Blow, Master of the Children, and Organist of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

### LONDON.

Printed by John Playford, and are to be fold by John Carr, at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1685.

HARVARD COLLEGA Naumberg Fellowship fund To the present STEWARDS,

WILLIAM BRIDGMAN, Efq;
Dr. NICHOLAS STAGGINS,
GILBERT DOLBEN, Efq;
Mr. FRANCIS FORCER;

And to the rest of the

# GENTLEMEN

OF THE

# Musical Society:

THE

Following Musical Compositions are dedicated

By

JOHN BLOW.

. . . 1.3. 17 - 1 -.

### FOR

## An Anniversary of Musick

KEPT UPON

# St. Cecilia's day.

I.

Begin the Song! your Instruments advance!
Tune the Voice, and tune the Flute;
Touch the silent, sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.
Bring gentlest Thoughts, that into Language glide,
Bring softest Words, that into Numbers slide:
Let every Hand, let every Tongue,
To make the noble Consort, throng;
Let all in one harmonious Note agree,
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Music's sacred Jubilee.

II. Hark!

Hark! how the waken'd Strings refound,
And sweetly break the yielding Air!
The ravish'd Sence, how pleasingly they wound,
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear!
Each Pulse beats Time, and every Heart
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.
By Harmony's entrancing Power,
When we are thus wound up to Extasy,
Methinks we mount, methinks we tow'r,
And seem to leave Mortality,
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high!

### III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our Care,
But for the Charms which Music lends!
How pall'd its Pleasures would appear,
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!
Without the Sweets of Melody,
To tune our Vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the silent Grave contented lye?

#### IV.

Music's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The gentle Spell, that charms our Cares to rest,
And calms the ruffling Passions of the Mind:

Music

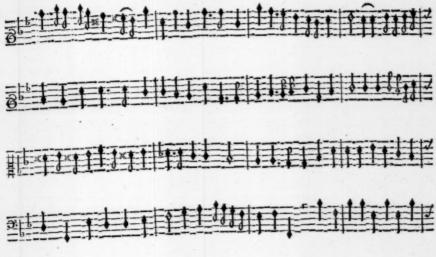
Music does all our Joys refine;
'Tis that gives Relish to our Wine,
'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love;
It wings Devotion to a pitch Divine,
'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n above.

#### CHORUS.

Come then with tuneful Breath, and String,
The Praises of our Art let's sing;
Let's sing to blest CECILIA's Fame,
That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day its Name:
While Music, Wine, and Mirth conspire
To bear a Consort, and make up the Quire.





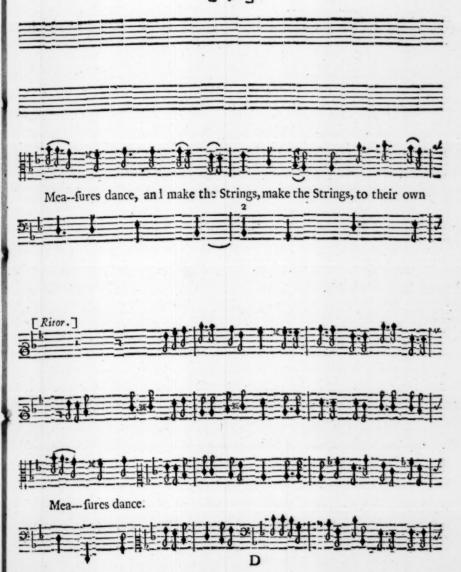
 



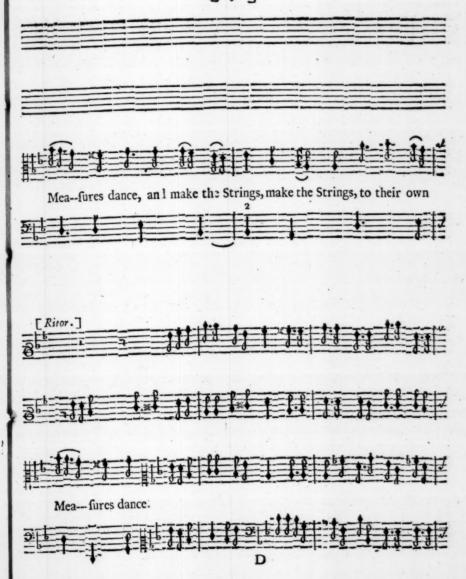




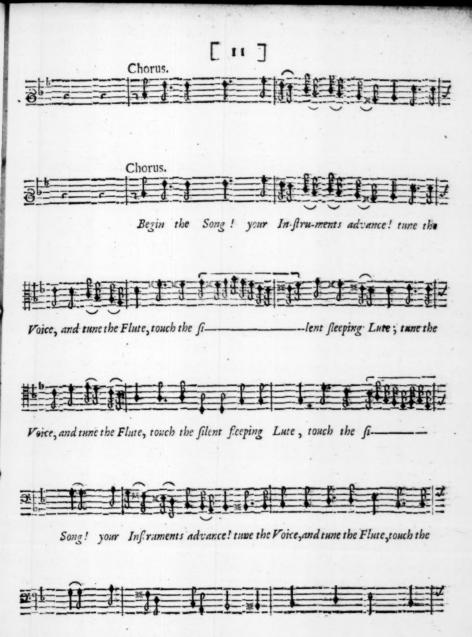




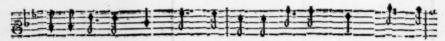


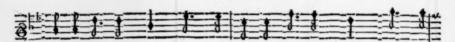












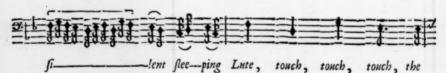
Voice, and tune the Flute, tune the Voice, and tune the Flute, touch the



Voice, and tune the Flute, touch the si-

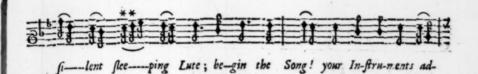


-- lent se ping Lute; tune the Voice, and tune the Flute, touch the





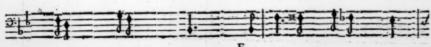












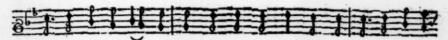




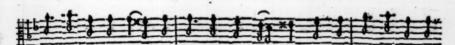




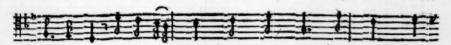




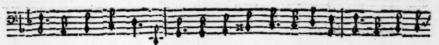
Strings to their own Measures dance, and make the Strings, make the Strings to their own



Strings to their own Measures dance, and make the Strings, make the Strings to their own



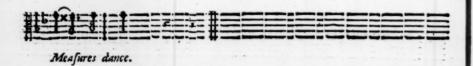
Measures dance, and make the Strings, make the Strings to their own

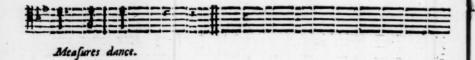


Strings to their own Measures dance, & make the Strings, & make the Strings to their own

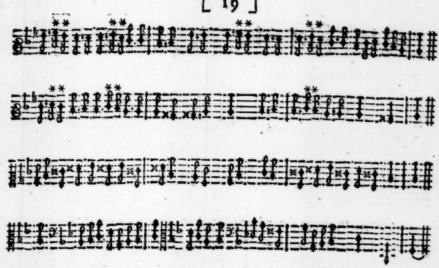


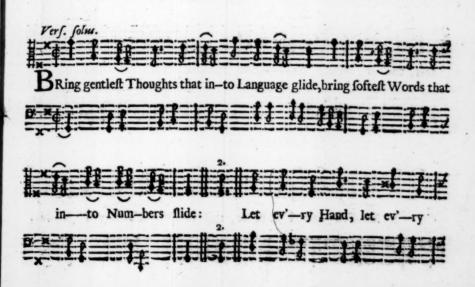






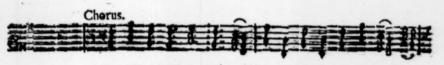




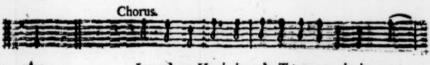


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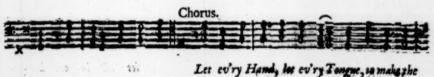




Les ou ry Hand, les ou -- ry Tongue to make the no-ble Confort



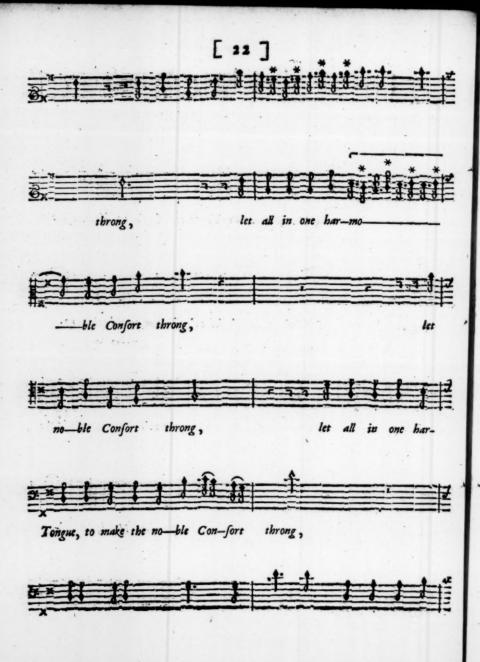
Let ev'-ry Hand, let ev'ry Tongue, som de the no-



Let ev'ry Hand, let ev'ry Tongne, so make the



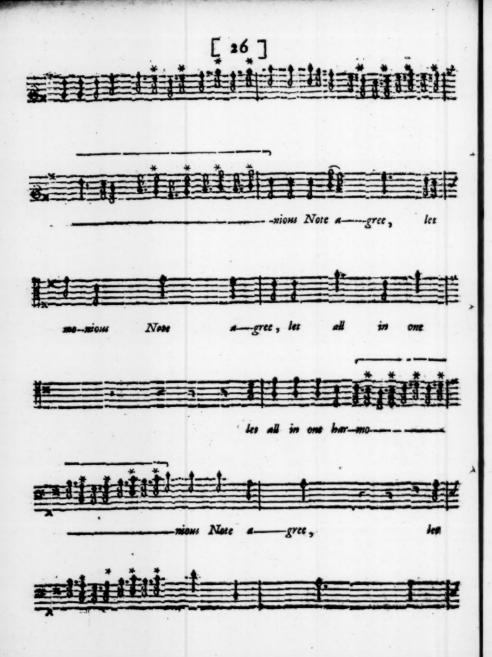










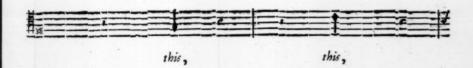




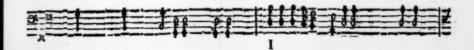






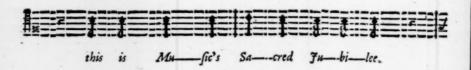




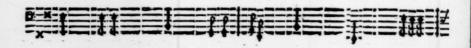


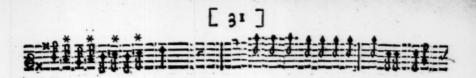




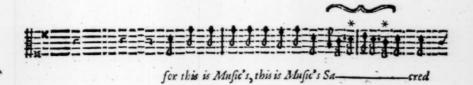


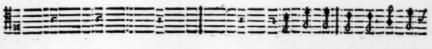






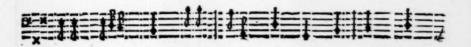


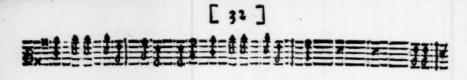




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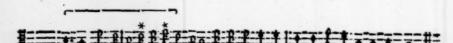




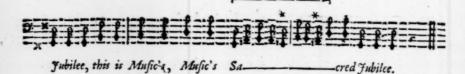
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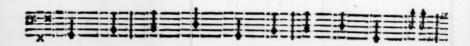




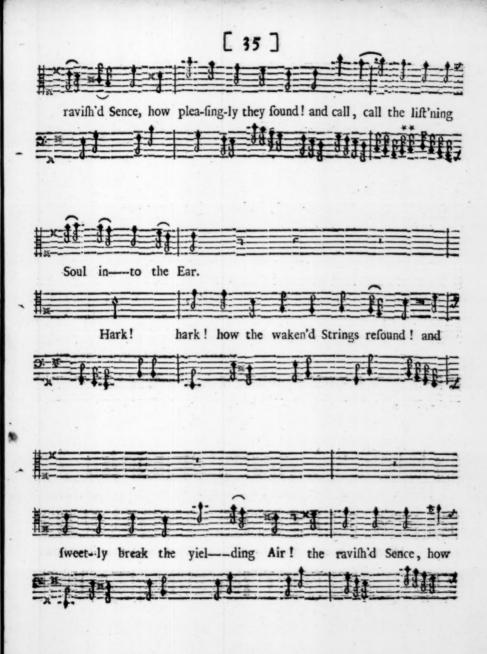


Sa-cred Jubilee, this is Music's Sacred Jubilee.

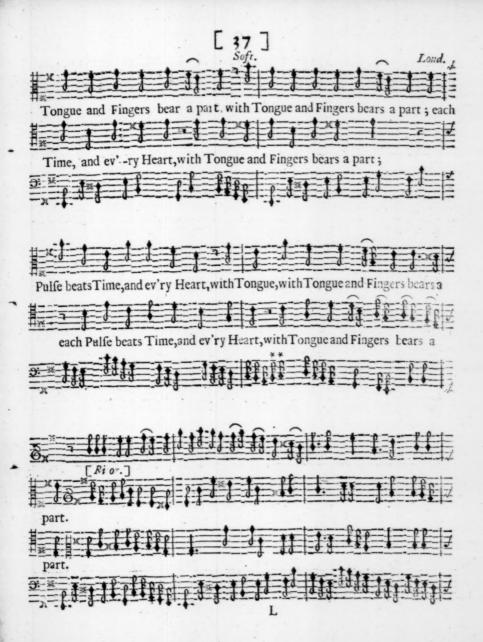












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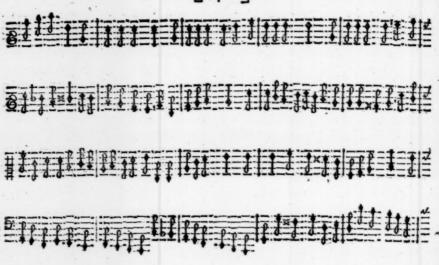






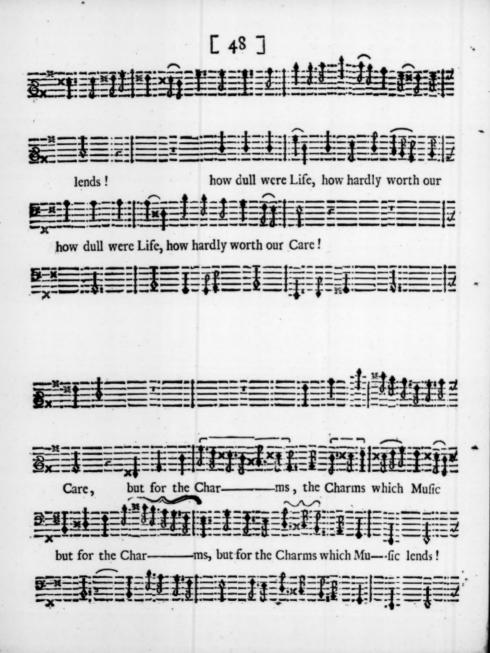


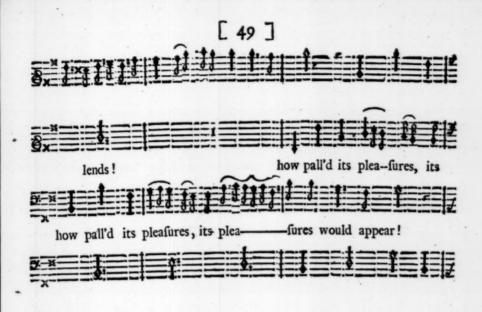
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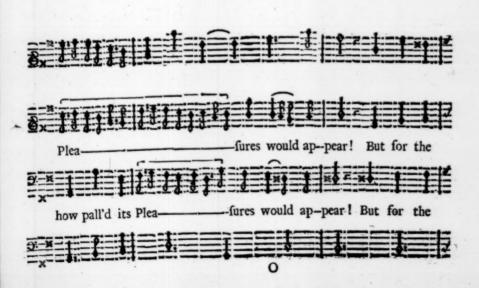


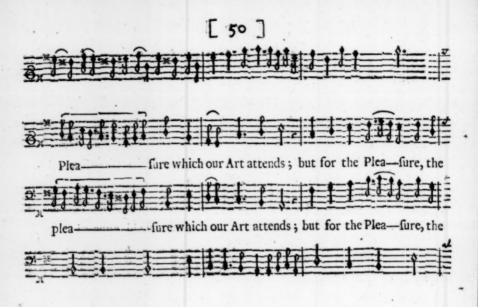


















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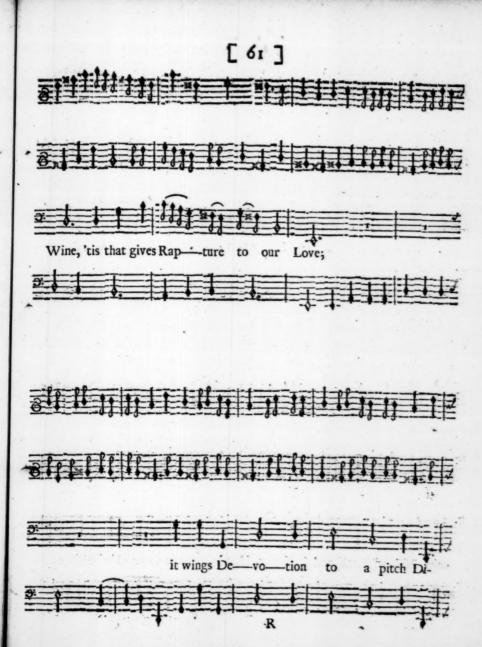


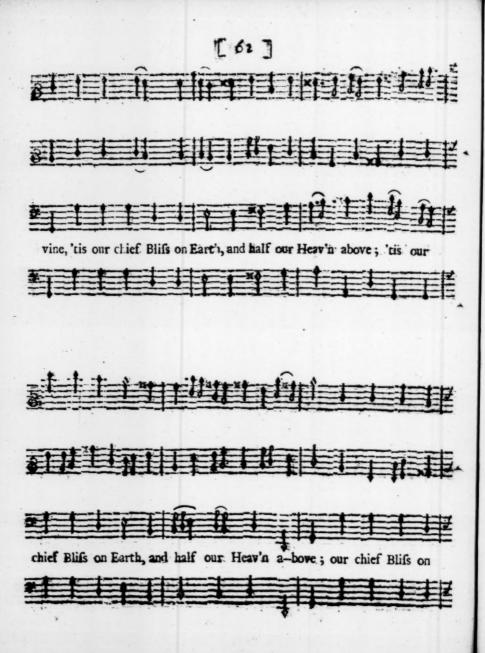


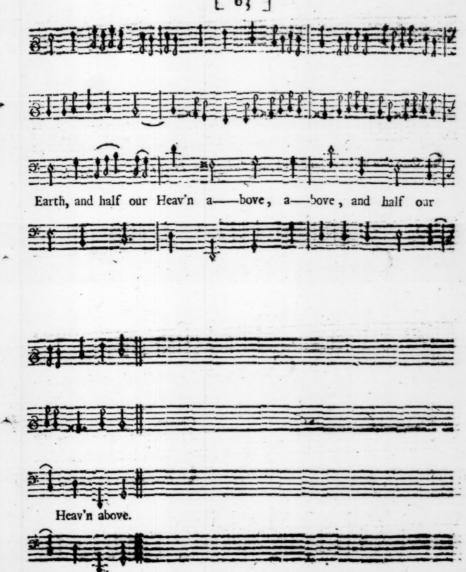


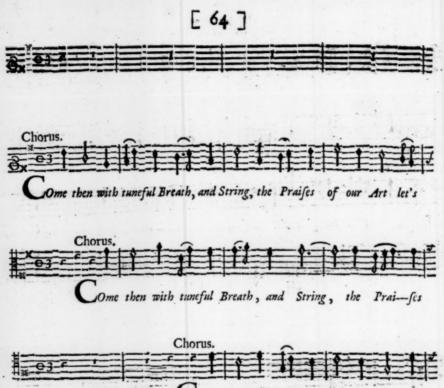


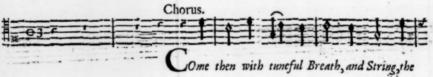








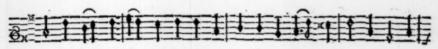






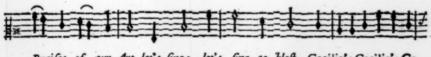




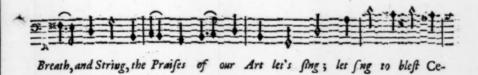


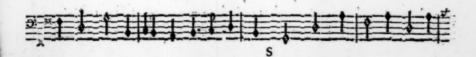
fing, let's fing to bleft Cecilia's, Ce-ci-lia's, Ce-ci-lia's Name; come then with



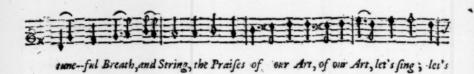


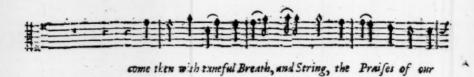
Praises of our Art let's sing; let's sing to blest Cecilia's, Cecilia's, Ce-

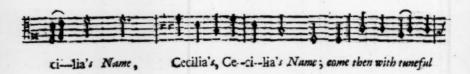


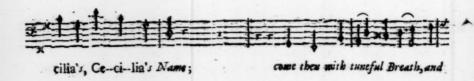




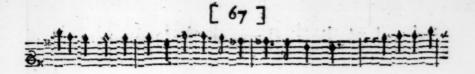


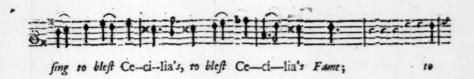






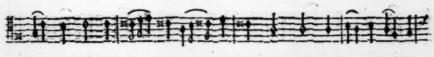








Art let's fing; let's fing to bleft Ce-ci-lia's, Ce-ci-lia's Fame, to

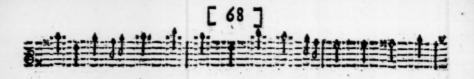


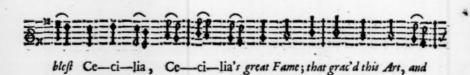
Breath, and String, the Prai-fes of our Art let's fing; let fing to bleft Ce-



String, the Prai-fes of our Art let's fing; let's fing to bleft Cecilia, to

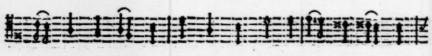




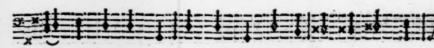




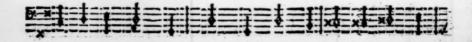
blest Ce-ci-lia, Ce-ci-lia's great Fame; that grac'd this Art, and



ci-lia, to blest Ce-ci-lia's great Fame; that grac'd this Art, and



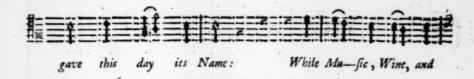
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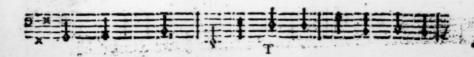






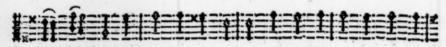




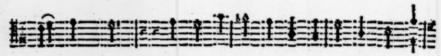




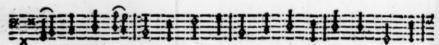




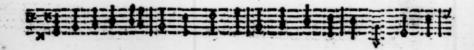
spire, and Mirth conspire, to bear a Consort, and make up the Quire; to

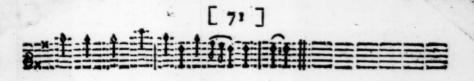


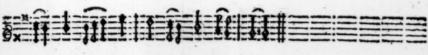
Mirth con-spire, to bear a Consort, and make up the Quire; to



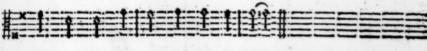
Mirth sonspire, to bear a Consort, and make up, make up the Quire; to



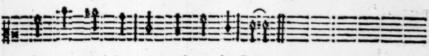




bear a Con-fort, and make up the Quire.



bear a Con-fort, and make up the Quire.



bear a Con-fort, and make up the Quire.



bear a Con-fort, and make up the Quire.



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